THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

VOL. LVII. BERKELEY AND SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 28, 1907. No. 48

THANKSGIVING.

For morning and the hopes of day;
For hours to work and hours to play;
For courage and contentment here;
For trust to strengthen, joy to cheer:—
We praise Thee, Lord!

For evening and the duties done;
For every strife of conscience won;
For hours to dream and hours to rest;
For all Thy love made manifest:—
We bless Thee, Lord!

For home and those who love us there;
For friends and kindred everywhere;
For life and for the life to be,
Eternal fellowship with Thee:—
We thank Thee, Lord!

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851

Entered at Berkeley as second-class matter.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Published weekly by the Publishing Company of The Pacific. Subscription price $2.00 per year.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor,

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

"THE CHURCH MUST GO."

The Congregationalist remarks, "This phrase of the hero of Dr. W. J. Dawson's latest novel, 'The Church Must Go,' has a sinister sound, especially when coming from a Christian minister."

But Dr. Dawson doesn't make Dr. Gaunt, the hero in "A Prophet in Babylon," say just that. As he lay upon his bed of pain, when consciousness had returned, after that day when the bullet intended for his heart had been deflected by striking the silver cross of stars which he wore upon his breast, Dr. Gaunt's thought was: "The church, corrupted by traditionalism, must go; it would not long resist the disintegration whose havoc was already so apparent; but its vital and imperishable elements would reunite; they would assume a nobler form; and this new **Church of the Future** would become the universal church of love and service It would be broad enough to include the best elements of all religions; it would be the final synthesis of all that was good and beautiful in human life."

This was his vision; and because of it his heart burned within him, and night and day as he lay there he dreamed of the fields of service and toil awaiting him and heard more loudly than ever before the great future calling him. When a few weeks later, along on the way to recovery, a friend who through him had been won from a life of selfishness to one of love and service, had sent to his home a large cross composed mainly of red roses with yellow roses interwoven in the upper section—a cross of stars in flowers, "He stood long before it. Then he fell upon his knees, praying in simple words that he might better understand the spirit of the cross, knowing not its blood-red stain alone, but its starry joy."

Others, who bowed in silence before the cross while Gaunt was praying, began, as he ended, to sing softly,

"When I survey the wondrous cross,"

and sang it through to the end:

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain, I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.

"See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

"Six weeks before, it had seemed almost a requiem—a hymn of martyrdom," so runs the story. "They had sung it in that hour when Gaunt had fallen. They realized that all the wisdom of the ages was enshrined in it. Above all they realized that this man, whose prayer still lingered in their ears, had found this wisdom; that in him once more was wrought the eternal miracle of the life that grows by giving, gains by losing, lives by dying."

W. E. Curtis, the noted correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald, is reported as having said that Dr. Dawson will live to regret the writing of "A Prophet in Babylon."

We are of opinion that the book is being misunderstood. As we turn its pages we find here and there that which will be misunderstood unless the mind grasps all, from lid to lid. So surveying "A Prophet in Babylon," we conclude that Dr. Dawson has been striving therein to set forth in a striking manner the principles embodied in his other book, "The Empire of Love," written early this year, of which it has been said, "The pages seem like magnets drawing you closer to the heart of the Master."

In "The Empire of Love" Dr. Dawson says: "All things in the intellectual and social life of men move as by a fixed law, towards simplification. May we not hope that this same tendency may permeate the universal Church of Christ, dissolving the accretions of mistaken and conventional piety, combining the vital elements into a wider synthesis, at once simple and convincing,—the new which is the oldest and the earliest,—that the church is the organ of the Divine Love, and that love alone is the Christian equivalent of religion?"

"May we not even anticipate," he continues, "that the visible decay of many symbols that once were authoritative, of many forms of creed that are now barely tolerated rather than respected, may work toward this issue; that gradually the test of service will supplant the test of intellectual belief, and that a new church will arise founded not on creed at all, but on a real imitation of the life of Jesus? If this should happen we need not regret the dissolution of the forms of religious life which is so evident today, for though the older kingdom be shaken, we shall arrive in God's time at the better kingdom which cannot be shaken." And Dr. Dawson points out that it is around men and women who do in reality live in close imitation of the life of Jesus that people rally. Of the man of such life he says: "He may be satirized, and probably will be, as a moral anarchist, a fanatic and a hare-brained enthusiast; but nevertheless the best men will rally to him. They rallied to a Father Dolling, they rally to a General Booth. The types represented by such men lie far apart. One was so high a ritualist as to be almost a Catholic, the other is an ecclesiastic anarchist so extreme that he dispenses with the sacraments. But these things count for little; what the

world sees in such men is the essential reality of their life. One of the severest critics of Dolling once went to hear him with the bitterest prejudice. He found him with a couple of hundred thieves and prostitutes gathered round him, to whom he was telling the love of Jesus in the simplest language. 'Dolling may be a Roman Catholic, or anything else he pleases,' said his critic, 'all I know is that I never heard one speak of Christ like that,' and from that hour he was his warmest friend."

Turning again, now, to the pages of "A Prophet in Babylon," what do we find there?"

Dr. Gaunt was pastor of a large and fashionable city church, dominated by a man of whom it is said. "He had no more vision of the spiritual ideals of a church than he had of the tragic realities of the great city in which he lived the life of a tame cat. The church was to him nothing more than a business enterprise and the faculties he applied to its service were precisely those which governed his office on Broadway."

The pastor began to realize deeply, and more deeply, the life to which he as a herald of the cross had been summoned.

One Sunday morning the choir and the congregation sang,

"Rescue the Perishing, Care for the Dying."

They sang it with such heartiness that the great organ was scarcely heard. Even the fashionably dressed woman who knew no God but Wagner sang it

The minister took no text that morning, but abruptly at the close of the singing asked of his people whether they really believed in the spirit and meaning of the hymn which they had been singing. "The perishing, the fallen, the wandering—they were everywere," he remarked. "There was not a street in New York in which they might not be found. The tragedy represented in these words was found in Fifth Avenue palaces as well as East Side slums. For wherever men had not the right ideals of life they were perishing; wherever they sinned against those ideals they were fallen; wherever they forgot them they were wandering." The hymn, he continued, spoke of rescuing the perishing. "Did they believe that rescue was possible? Of course they would say that they did; it would be inconsistent with their pride in human nature and the orthodox creed of Christianity to say otherwise. But men really believed only what they practiced. Had they ever really tried to rescue any one, who, from whatever cause, was perishing or fallen or wandering? Did the church itself conform to the ideal of a vast rescue society, affording its help to those who most needed it? Was it not evident enough that the chief function of the modern church appeared to be not to capture the sinners, but to coddle the saints—and poor saints at that, he added."

This and more, and then finally: "The church in its present form cannot conquer the world. The form therefore, must perish that the spirit may be freed Let us demolish all but the imperishable fountains: let us build a new church whose only creed is love whose only test is service. To this great end I pledge my life. To accomplish it my first step is clear From this church and all churches, I pass out today and forever. A month from today, on the first Sunday of March, I shall endeavor to interpret the ideals I have announced in practice. I shall invite all who feel the need for such a movement to meet me in Madison Square Garden, where the first meeting of the League of Service will be held."

We have already given something from the very last pages of this book. The foregoing is from an earlier portion of the story.

And what do we find here and there throughout the book?

This we find Dr. Gaunt saying to the people who assembled to hear him on the Sunday when he was about to form The League of Universal Service: "Were they, the Christian people, really contented with their own conventional Chirstianity? Could they conceive nothing better? If their Master should then and there enter that auditorium, dust-stained, weary, bearing on his shoulders the heavy cross, would they welcome him? Would they even recognize him? Or, if they did, would not their easy-going Christianity shrivel up in shame before the authentic Christianity which meant derision, mockery, good sacrificing itself for the ungrateful, love stooping to the lowliest tasks of service, and at last the blood of a great sacrifice poured out willingly for a world that did not understand its sublime anguish and renunciation?

And then we are told that the minister "sketched the condition of New York, of America, of the world in relation to religion; the indifference which sprang from ignorance or despair; the impotence of religion to touch in any real way the lives even of those who accepted its truths; the enormous social problems that theratened the very existence of the republic; the call of the times to all good men to combine to reinstate religion as a vital reality in the government of the world." Could they effect this reinstatement? he asked. "It looked impossible; it really was easy. It became easy when the actual life of Jesus was accepted as the model of all human life. Christianity was really nothing more nor less than following Christ. It was not a mode of thought, but a rule of life." And what the minister proposed then was "a union of all who loved in the service of all who suffered,"—the creation of a new social force, The League of Universal Service.

Yes, the church must go—It must go on from high to higher until in it there shall be embodied in all fulness the spirit of him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. This, we believe, is what Dr. Dawson is advocating in everything that comes from his pen.

Christianity is not played out, and never will be. In it there is life. But some churches are played out; and many of the methods of church work are played out; and everywhere there is need for extensive reformations. But in some form the church will always exist. We care not whether it be called a church or a league for service, so long as it rests on the one foundation of Jesus the Christ.

No one with heart intent on the things which make for righteousness can survey the history of the world and fail to say with the sacred poet—

"I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

"For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

"Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

"Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven."

Notwithstanding the imperfections of the church there is no other institution which has so blessed the world. And yet, the church must go;—rather would we say, **the church must come!** It must come to be what God designed it to be—an organization for near and far-reaching service. The church must come to be an up-to-date organization. Church members must come to realize that religious work will never be successfully carried on until it is based on thoroughly systematic methods, somewhat similar to those on which our public school educational work is carried on. If the church is going to do the work opening up before it, it must get away from the custom of churches planted here and there and everywhere, just to suit the notions, or the whims and prejudices of a few people; and have its edifices reared with that intelligent regard for the general welfare which is manifested in the rearing of our school houses. This implies such a federation or union of the churches as is not possible just now, but toward which we are being forced by the changes and advancements of modern civilization.

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

COUNTER-ORGANIZATIONS NEEDED.

The Citizens' Alliance has been reorganized in San Francisco, and there is a wide-spread belief that it will result in good.

The Pacific has only the severest condemnation for the business methods of some individuals and firms here and there throughout our country. "Captains of Industry," they are sometimes called, notwithstanding their methods. Captains of selfishness would better characterize them. Nevertheless our labor organizations have not been free from the marks of unwisdom and selfishness; and to such lengths have some of them gone, frequently, that such an organization as the Citizens' Alliance became a necessity in many parts of the country.

In an article last week concerning the organization in San Francisco, Town Talk said: "The Citizens' Alliance came into existence because of the apostasy of a servile press to civic duty. It was organized by the employees of San Francisco to protect themselves against the illegal aggressions of union workingmen."

Along with other papers Town Talk recognizes the need for the labor unions and believes they are here to stay; but expresses the conviction that they are not here to dictate forever to the public. The News Letter, another San Francisco weekly, says: "Even though we may deplore the existence of such an organization as the Citizens' Alliance, it cannot be denied that the necessity for its existence was forced by the unrestrained demands and lawless aggressions of labor unions."

Commenting on Mayor Taylor's recent words deprecating the reorganization the News Letter continues: "As long as labor unions exist—and Mayor Taylor expresses his certainty of their perpetuity—it is more than probable that counter organizations of employers of labor will exist, if only in self-defense."

The Wasp, another weekly, not only stands in defence of the Citizens' Alliance, but declares for the open shop, saying: "Until the open shop becomes general in the United States there can be no relief from the demagogues who thrive on a war of capital; there can be no permanent peace, and no such thing as confidence in the investment of money in industrial enterprises."

The Wasp cites instances of labor union unfairness. This, among others, which we summarize: A San Francisco man last week ordered a plumbing firm to stop a leak in a drain pipe. It really required about one hour's work and two cents' worth of solder to complete the job. Under proper conditions $1.50 would have been liberal pay for the work. It cost the man $6. The rules of the union made the difference. The Wasp, commenting on the rule requiring plumbers to walk to the places where their work is, wonders whether they will not ere long be required to hobble there on crutches.

Last week The Pacific expressed the hope that there was something in the rumor that the wiser and more conservative elements in the labor unions were about to move for their reformation. The difficulty has been that it has long been unsafe for a man either within or without some of the labor union organizations to criticise them. The man within has too often lost all his influence in the organization, and the union "has laid for" the presumptious outsider generally to his damage.

There is scarcely a daily paper anywhere that dares to declare the real sentiments of its editor or manager as to labor unions. And the politicians keep far within their holes when such questions are uppermost.

Congressman Denby of Michigan had the courage however, to declare himself a few weeks ago when the striking telegraphers went to him with the request that he aid them in an effort to enlist President Roosevelt in their behalf. He told them that he would rather sacrifice his position and even go down in utter defeat than shift the issue from his own to the President's shoulders. At that time Mr. Denby expressed himself as follows concerning the labor unions: "I believe in unions. I believe that if rightly conducted they do a great deal of good, but I do not believe in the prevention of men from working for an employer, unless they become members of a union, nor do I believe in any strike based upon the refusal of union men to work with non-union men. To say that I shall not secure employment in the city of Detroit unless I associate myself with a union is to restrict my liberty and the liberty of my employer. If my work is good I have a right to employment, if I can get it. If an employer pays good wages and treats his men well, he has a right to employ whom he chooses."

Mr. Denby said further: "I may be criticised for not passing the issue along and putting it up to the President. But the closed shop can never stand, or if it does it will bring with it a train of revolution. The sympathetic strike can never stand and these issues must be faced.

"I am in favor of labor unions, they are good. But they cease to be such when they demand the closed

shop. Have non-union men no rights?"

At once, so says a Detroit paper, the telegraphers began to talk about getting the aid of the American Federation of Labor in opposing Mr. Denby for re-election to congress.

It is evident that there are great and momentous issues between labor and capital that must be faced. They cannot be faced and solved aright by powerful organizations on one side and no organization at all on the other side. It is not surprising that business men near and far, before they began a few years ago to organize to oppose the unreasonable demands of some of the labor unions, were seriously considering the withdrawal of their capital from the enterprises in which it was nivested. The unions were having thnigs all their own way; and some of them, incensed by the wrongs of many of the captalistic class, were moving rapidly toward the exaction of the last pound of flesh.

BUSINESS HOLIDAYS TO BE COMMENDED.

It is well that there are men at the head of affairs who are more far-sighted than some editorial writers. The following appeared a week ago in a Berkeley daily paper: "No more holidays! We don't see the need of them. The people are prosperous and have money and confidence. The only timid people The Independent seems to be able to locate are the bankers."

The bankers have had good reason for heir fears; and had it not been for the holidays which have been declared hundreds of banks would have gone down in failure. Governor Gillette has done well in that he has continued the holidays as he has in California. The banks are in general all right; but the strongest in the country could not stand such demands as are made upon them during such a period as that through which we have been passing for several weeks. Even on gilt-edged securities it was impossible for the bankers to get cash. The Merchants' Bank of Portland was a strong institution. It paid over to depositors $1,500,000 in two weeks' time, and $2,300,000 in six weeks With such a run it is not surprising that it had to close its doors.

Better the holidays with all their drawbacks and inconveniences than the risk of long-continued disaster in busines brought on by panicky people. There would have been no fear on the part of the bankers if there had not first been groundless fear on the part of many of the people. Grant that there was ground for fear on the part of the people, it only made matters worse to begin to draw out deposits from the banks. When such a move is made they who get there first get their coin, but they seal often the doom of others—bring on a crash which otherwise might have been averted It might be well for the people who are so inclined to act to pause and consider whether there is not in such conduct a high degree of selfishness. And what is needed in this world widely is more consideration of the interests of the other fellow.

CHRISTIAN HYMNS BARRED FROM NEW YORK SCHOOLS.

Jewish parents having protested against the use of the hymns of the Christian faith in the public schools of the city of New York a committee of the school board has recommended and the board has decided to eliminate them. The board has decided further that there shall hereafter be in the schools no reference to Christ, no use of any pictures of a religious character. and in Christmas festivities no reference to Santa Claus or to St. Nicholas. The Jewish protestants asked that no Christmas festivites be held in the kindergarten and primary departments, but this request was not granted.

It is stated that this elimination will require the revision of a large number of the text books. Among the hymns in use which can be no longer used were the following:

The Doxology; Ave Maria; Bethlehem; The Palms; Oh, Come Emanuel; Nazareth; Hark, the Christmas Bells Are Ringing; Sing, O Children, Sing with Gladness; Wake and Tune Your Cheerful Voices; The Christmas Tree; Peace on Earth; The Bird Song; Watchman, Tell Us of the Night; For Thee, O Dear Dear Country; Aurelia; Hark, Hark, My Soul; Nearer My God to Thee; Christmas Time; Coronation; Olivet; In Heavenly Love Abiding; Onward, Christian Soldiers; While Shepherds Watched.

New York has come to be a great Jewish city, and that people evidently are beginning to exert their influence to have things religiously more to suit their ideas than heretofore.

For problems galore look to the United States of America in the first few decades of the twentieth century! With our many races and peoples, with their many and diverse beliefs and customs—how shall they be fused into something of harmony and co-operation? That is a pressing question.

WITH THE NEW BOOKS.

"Father John." By Hope Daring. A story, this, of high order! It will hold the attention and interest the reader, and will make for good in his or her life. The author says: "Detroit as it was in 1831 forms the background of the story in which I have tried to reproduce the local coloring of the place and the type of men and women who have made Michigan what it is." [American Tract Society, New York; $1.00 net.]

Jesse Ben David." By James M. Ludlow. A beautifully illustrated art gift book Around the Bible story of the Christ-child, the shepherds and the wise men is made to center this charming story—rich in artistic imagery. As we read the pages of this book there comes the thought that the author has given us that which might be leaves from real experiences in the days when the Bethlehem Star cast its rays over the Judean country. [F. H. Revell Co., New York; $1.00 net.]

A Prophet in Babylon." By W. J. Dawson. The Rev. Dr. Dawson, who came to this country from London a few years ago and engaged for a time in evangelistic work, has shown himself to be a person of considerable literary ability. Several valuable books have been written by him. A few weeks ago a work of fiction appeared bearing his name. It is a story of social service—a challenge of today, a vision of tomorrow. Dr. Dawson has made an interesting story, and has in addition worked into it a real challenge of the today in the churches. In this connection see our editorial under the caption "The Church Must Go." [F. H. Revell Co., New York; $1.50.]

"The Heritage of Life." By James Buckham. A helpful little volume of 125 pages! The author says in the "Foreword": "To each and every soul life brings some heritage of good. It may not always be obvious good; it may not be the kind of good that lies upon

the surface; but more and more, as life goes on, the devout spirit grows into the conviction that the all of life, the total result of its experiences is good." Accordingly the author continues: "We need to look for the hidden good, as well as the obvious good, in life. We need to establish the faith that everything that life brings us has some blessing in it; that there is good, not only in what at first seems ill. God assigns to us no lessons in the school of life that are not divinely worth the learning. If we can only get at the heart of them, their hidden meaning, let us be assured that all experiences are blest." The perception, the conviction, that there is something that makes for good in every experience, this the author regards as the most precious heritage that life can bring to any soul. It is with the hope that he may help to make this great truth more evident that he sends forth this volume. He writes in a delightful manner on: The Discipline of Life, The Shining Side of Sorrow, The Meaning of Death, The Joy of Life, The Hallowed Commonplace, The Value of Obstacles, Love the Apex of Life, Regeneration, The Long Perspective. [Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati; also Berkeley, Cal.; 75 cents.]

"Signs of God in the World." By John P. D. John. A book of striking thoughts on ever-vital subjects. Through the microscope the author gets a glimpse of God and the human soul. He finds God also in Instinct—in animal intelligence, and in human experience; and finally in "Seeing Without Eyes" he finds God without sign—face to face. These articles were first given as addresses and proved popular. In addition to those under the general heading of "Signs of God in the World," there are others on: College Ethics, Is it Wise to Go to College, The Warrant of Faith, The Human Lock and the Gospel Key, Did Man Make God or Did God Make Man? The following on College Ethics is worth quoting widely: "There is a sentiment too largely prevalent that the college man is a law unto himself, and that he can do with impunity what would be disgraceful or even criminal if done by a man who is not so fortunate as to have his name on the college register. * * * To yell and screech on the streets is wrong in a drunken man and should consign him to a diet of bread and water; but to make night hideous with unearthly howls it is a sign of culture, provided the howls proceed from the throat of a college boy. A street-corner loafer who guys the passer-by is rude and insolent, but a crowd of college boys, hooting at the pedestrian that comes their way, are only giving vent to an excess of youthful spirit." [Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati; $1.00 net.]

"The Christian Family. By Gustavus Emanuel Hiller. This volume claims—and rightly too—to be "a book for parents, pastors, teachers, legislators, and young people." We agree with him who writes the introduction that "the appearance of this book is exceedingly timely, in view of two alarming and rapidly increasing evils in our country—the scandalous divorce evil and the sad lack of a proper moral and religious training of the young." President Roosevelt has said: "Questions like the tariff and the currency are literally of no consequence compared with the vital question of having the unit of our social life, the home, preserved. * * * If we have solved every other problem in the wisest way, it shall profit us nothing if we have lost our national soul; and we will have lost it if we don't have the question of the relation of the family put upon the proper basis." The twenty-three chapters of this book touch on Religion, Ethics, Esthetics, Divorce, Economics, Hygienics, Child Training, Home Literature, The Servant Problem. Mr. Hiller says: "It should be the constant care of the pastors, and their churches with them, to inculcate into the minds of young people, as well as those already joined in holy wedlock, worthy conceptions of marriage; to resist and solemnly warn against all lax views and practices in, and out of wedded life; to magnify the family by depicting its responsibilities and blessings; to insist on family worship and the religious training of children at home; to bring about the introduction of wholesome literature into the family circle; to advise againts what is dangerous in the society and amusements of the world; to teach, inspire, and encourage those who have undertaken the greatest enterprise upon earth, namely, the establishment of a true Christian home." This is the author's aim as he discusses the questions relating to the Christian family. [Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati; $1.25 net.]

"James Harris Fairchild." By Albert Temple Swing. For sixty-eight years James Harris Fairchild was connected with Oberlin College; first as a professor, and later as president; and his life has gone out in influence to the ends of the earth. One has said of him: "A Christian scholar and gentleman to be classed with such men as William Ewart Gladstone and others of like endowments and character." At the memorial services held June 22, 1902, the Rev. Dr. Judson Smith of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions said: "A list of the men of the past generation who are to be ranked among the great educators of the nation would contain President Fairchild's name not only, but would place it among the first in the list. Living all his life in this quiet village, giving all his time and strength and rare gifts to this college and to its development, rarely seen in the great assemblies of the times, but ceaselessly at work in scholarly lines to shape college and community, students and people to the highest aims—his bow has ever abode in strength, his line has gone out through all the earth, the impulse and light of his thought and life have reached to the deepest springs of the nation, and have encompassed the globe. As the Academy under Plato shaped the noblest thought and life of Greece, so this modern Plato from this sacred shrine has touched with healing and help the culture, the manhood, the institutions and the life of our nation and the world." It is of value that people should be allowed to look on the growth of such a life and influence. Professor Swing has opened it up to view, writing of pioneer days on the Western Reserve before 1835, his early school days there, the religious life of the Reserve, his college days and experiences, (on down to the time that he entered on his remarkable work in Oberlin in 1842, which was to continue for more than 60 years) and then leading us in an illuminating manner over all those fruitful years as professor and president. The volume contains two fine portraits of President Fairchild, his inaugural address given when he entered on the presidency of Oberlin in 1866, and other addresses. [F. H. Revell Co., New York; pages 395.]

The San Francisco Association will meet in Plymouth Church Dec. 12. The Bay Association is to meet in First Church, Berkeley Dec. 10.

"SPEAKING WITH TONGUES."

B. F. Sargent.

The article in a recent number of The Pacific regarding the manifestation and actions of those in Iowa who claim to "speak with tongues" was of great interest to many. Corresponding manifestations are claimed for quite a band of people in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Santa Rosa, Woodland, and doubtless many other places on this coast. To such, the conclusions reached by Arthur T. Pierson, in an article on the same topic in a recent issue of the Missionary Review of the World will be of great interest.

Calling attention to the fact that not only in this country but in India, China, Sweden, Wales also, similar manifestations have found followers, he proceeds to weigh the matter by the sure test of the word of God alone.

He continues: The word of God supplies the basis of all clear and spiritual judgment, in one exhaustive passage—I. Cor. 14—the entire chapter being occupied with this matter; and if this monograph is studied, the peculiar wisdom of the Spirit's teaching will appear. Here the contrast is intentionally emphatic, between prophecying, and speaking with tongues, immense preponderance being conceded in favor of the former. which here means not **predictive** but **preceptive** utterance-inspired teaching.

The apostle encourages the Corinthians to covet the best gifts, and most of all the gift of prophecy; and for reasons which may be stated in the order of his presentation of them. Then in order the writer gives the various points made by the inspired writer as follows:

1. It is unintelligible to the hearer. If genuine it is known as such, only to God.

2. It is not in itself edifying. While prophecying (teaching) is profitable for edification, exhortation and comfort, this gift in itself can only cause the hearer to wonder in awe at what he understands not. It is therefore comparatively undesirable and unserviceable.

3. It is mentioned last among all the Spirit's gifts and manifestations, and in the enumeration in the 12th chapter of I. Cor. 7-10, seven other gifts outrank it.

4. It is dependent for all real value upon the companion gift of "interpretation of tongues," with which it is coupled in the previous category, Chapter 12:10. Only such interpretation can lift it to the level of "administering grace to the hearers. Eph. 4: 29. Apart from such "interpretation" it is without profit, bringing no revelation, knowledge, teaching, or doctrine (verse 6).

5. More than this it may degenerate into an empty display of the mysterious—a mere babble, if not Babel—like many sounds in which no one can tell what is sense and what is nonsense, what is spurious and what is genuine.

6. Speaking with tougues rather promotes dispersion than closer association. Its tendencies are divergent, not convergent. As at Babel when they could not understand one another's speech they separated and scattered: so if the hearer know not the meaning of the voice the speaker will be unto him a barbarian—a foreigner, and conversely.

7. Such a gift therefore acts rather as a hindrance than a help to common worship. A part of the power and acceptableness of what is done in the assembly depends on the responisveness of the worshipper to the leader. What is in a dead language cannot provoke the hearers' "amen." How can the heart of the unlearned answer to what is not understood? However well the speaker does, as the hearer cannot enter into the sentiment of what is spoken, joint worship and united worship is impossible.

8. Furthermore speaking with tongues may work damage. An assembly where all should speak with tongues would impress an unbeliever so unfavorably that he woudl pronounce them "mad" (verse 23).

9. Moreover Paul by the Spirit enjoins that, when such gift is bestowed, its exercise shall be carefully regulated. For such regulation he gives two rules (a) The law of precedence; (b) The law of silence. For the first that only two or three shall speak and then what each has said shall be interpreted, and that if there be no interpreter present, the exercise of the tongues be suppressed altogether. "Let his gift be silent toward man who cannot understand him and active only toward God who can."

10. Moreover, what produces disorder and confusion cannot be of God, who is the author of order and peace. While, therefore, speaking with tongues is not to be forbidden, it is not to be coveted.

11. It is more than hinted at that speaking with tongues is peculiarly open to spurious imitation. No one gift of the Spirit is so easily counterfeited as this If there is no interpreter present, who can tell what is said?

12. It is thought by many that bidding the women to "keep silence in the churches," which is found in this same chapter, has special and sole reference to their unguarded use of this real or pretended gift. Coming from the exclusion of the harem or zenana the oriental woman was prone to run to fanaticism and might easily mistake hysterical mutterings for a gift of supernatural utterance.

Dr. Pierson then proceeds to apply the principles laid down in that chapter to the present "manifestation of tongues" and finds it "wanting" when thus weighed in the balance of God's word.

In no instance is there even a claim of an interpretation of tongues, and always an unwillingness to adopt the scriptural command of silence till an interpreter is found. While deceit is not charged in many cases there is always a stubborn unwillingness to test the matter by the scripture alone, and pressure is brought upon all to trust to what might easily prove to be a mental excitement bordering at least upon hysteria.

A comparison of the present movement with that of the Irvinites which wrought such havoc among the churches is instituted with the conclusion that the two are somewhat closely related.

The conclusion reached is set forth in several brief findings as follows:

1. The infallible Scriptures alone can be the ultimate court of appeal.

2. The gifts the most to be sought are those which are most to edification.

3. All spiritual gifts that are genuine are promotive of peace and harmony.

4. All true endowments of the Spirit lead to humility, and docility of temper.

5. Any gift sought for its own sake, or for self-glory, is a delusion and a snare.

6. All undue human influence is inconsistent with the supremacy of the Spirit of God.

7. What has a decisive effect and centrifugal tendency is open to gravest suspicion.

8. We need to be always on the alert to detect Satanic disguises and counterfeits.

While in general the one summarizing these conclusions of Mr. Pierson offers no dissent from them, he begs to add two considerations which have come within his notice from meeting some of these people and attendance upon two of their meetings.

They are deeply in earnest. With them this is a matter of life and power.

Many of them give very clear testimony of a close walk with God, and evince a power that none can question.

The movement shows a hunger of the human heart for more of the Spirit's presence and power than is often found in our churches—a hunger so deep that it takes many from our churches, under the mistaken idea that they cannot find a real "pentecost" within the church.

THE "CONGREGATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS" WAKING UP.

W. N. Burr.

"What do you think of the 'Tri-union' movement?" asked my friend Bruce the other day.

Just at that moment all the gray matter my brain possesses was concentrated upon a problem of another color; so I answered rather absently,

"I think it will result in making better Congregationalists of us all—I mean that we who are already Congregationalists may come out of this better Congregationaists than we have ever been, whatever the effect may be upon the United Brethren and the Methodist Protestants."

"A consummation devoutly to be wished,—as to the Congregationalists!" murmured Bruce.

"So you think the world still needs Congregationalists, only a better brand of them?" I remarked, still half-absorbed in my other line of thought.

"Exactly," replied Bruce. "I'm for the good old church of the Pilgrim faith and of most of the leading colleges and of the 'American Board' as I never have been before in all my life, and I thought I was a pretty good Congregationalist before. I am done with all the nonsense concerning the narrowness of denominational assertion. I am a Congregationalist from head to foot and henceforth I shall stand up straight and say so and do a little strutting over it, too, if I want to. I shall teach our history and our polity diligently unto the children, and shall talk of them when I sit in mine house, and when I walk by the way, and when I lie down, and when I rise up. I shall bind them for a sign upon mine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between mine eyes. And I shall write them upon the posts of my house, and on my gates."

"And become just a narrow, hide-bound sectarian, willing to worship only in a Congregational church and carrying through life only a great contempt for other folks who are not Congregationalists," I said with a laugh.

"NO, sir!" answered Bruce; and he put hammer and anvil both to that **NO.** "I am too good a Congregationalist for anything of that kind. The 'ecclesiastical solvent,' the 'common denominator among the denominations,' has no place in its ranks for that sort of spirit. I shall study to show myself a man of love and good-will, and good-breeding. Good-breeding, sir is one of the characteristics of Congregationalism, and I would be unworthy of my **ism** if I were to make a contemptible **little** sectarian of myself. But at the same time, I'm exceedingly proud of Congregationalism, and I don't think it will hurt me or anybody else if I let the fact be known, provided I let it out with proper regard for others so that it need give no offense. I don't think it is necessary for us to apologize to the world for being Congregationalists. And I want to tell you I have precious little sympathy with a whole lot of the talk we hear about pulling down all the denominational fences and all uniting in one great church It can't be done. Human nature has got to be reckoned with in that matter, and human nature is a pretty good sort of nature, after all, if it is only managed right. It is not a stupendous mistake, if it is not exactly perfect And human nature, well worth taking into consideration as it is, is not yet ready for the 'all-uniting-in-one-great-church' movement. Dan Bailey is a born Methodist, and Dean Jennings is a born Episcopalian, and I am a born Congregationalist, and we three would make a great mess of it trying to be happy in 'one great church.' Imagine Dean Jennings going to the altar at a big revival meeting every winter seeking sanctification; but if all that were left out of the program of the 'one great church' what would Dan Bailey do without it, and some other things that appeal to his Methodist temperament? Dan is one of nature's noblemen, for human nature has its noblemen, I tell you; but, bless you, even if I possessed all his nobility of character I could never never be happy if I had to express myself in the terms that are native to him Dan's got to have his own church as long as **he** lives, and Dean Jennings must have his, and I'm going to have **mine**—the blessed old church that has the Scrooby star shining in its firmament, and

'The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast'

echoing through all its halls since 1620; for the echo was there all the time, even if it was some years before Mrs. Hemans got hold of it and crystalized it into a hymn."

"Bruce, you are getting excited," I interrupted. "This is not after the manner of a cool, level-headed Congregationalist. You are either upsetting your argument concerning the denominational temperament, or else you are more of a 'born Methodist' yourself than you think you are. If you keep on like this you will be able to follow Dan Bailey almost anywhere.

"All of which proves that I am just what I said I am,—a 'born Congregationalist,' for it **would** be easier for me to follow Dan Bailey somewhat and Dean Jennings somewhat, too, than for either of them to go with the other. I am a part of the 'common denominator,' to the manner born, and I can dovetail in a little excitement with Dan Bailey, and a little cut-and-dried ritualism with Jennings, though I could not very well go the whole thing with either of them. If the time ever does come when the religious world shall have reached the Paradise of organic oneness, if that sort of thing happens to belong to a Paradise, I know what the polity of the 'One Great Church' will be, in **fact,** whatever **name** may be given it. Everything, of course, will be of the nature of 'the ecclesiastical solvent,' and that is Congregationalism. Congregationalism is big enough to do that, without slopping over into liberalism that has no backbone, either.

"But we haven't reached that Paradise yet, and in the meantime—a period which is likely to be no mean amount of time—we Congregationalists would better

buckle down loyally to 'the common denominator' and make as big a thing of it as possible. The people who talk so beautifully about hoping to 'live to see the time when every community will have one good church in it instead of three or six or twenty half-starved little churches,' are charming theorists, but precious few of them have ever looked over the road that lies between that which now is and that which they would like to see. The denominations are here, strong, lusty sproutings from the very nature of things, and not merely shoots from the selfishness that is in the human nature of things. There are no doubt too many of them. Some there are that ought to be willing to lose themselves in others of the same kind, notably those marked for a division line that is merely sectional. But the clearing-up, and re-adjusting, and making-over of the machinery, to say nothing of the need of the invention of new machinery, that would be required to make 'one good church' do the work of the kingdom throughout the world any better or as well as it is done now, is a job that many people never stop to think about; and it is a job that can't be put through with the swiftness of some other twentieth century accomplishments, it is too big to be handled under the pressure of a hurry call.

"Whatever other denominations may do, the present demand upon Congregationalism is that it get to thinking a good deal more of itself than it has sometimes in the past. The Methodist corner of my Congregational heart got to throbbing with 'amens' the other day when I read some things Dr. A. J. Lyman had to say about all this in the last 'Congregationalist.' Do you remember this? 'Is it not conceivable,' he says 'that the true issue and sequel is to be, not the creation of one new denomination out of three old ones—a proposition beset with difficulties and perhaps not really desired by a majority of any one of the three Christian bodies—but it is to be, so far as we Congregationalists are concerned, the renaissance and reassertion of the Congregational consciousness itself in the form and power of a far more pronounced, vigorous and effective intra-denominational "connectionalism" (the new word means well) than we have ever known; while on the other hand, losing nothing of our individual church freedom, we are to take a far more pronounced place than heretofore in the field of federative co-operation with all other communions?'"

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

A Trio of Notable Cities.

I have recently returned from brief visits to three remarkable towns in Southern California. A loyal Northern California and a contented lover of beautiful Santa Clara valley, I am yet free to write my honest conviction that Redlands, Riverside and Pasadena are not to be matched in California, and I do not think their beauty, cleanness, and attractiveness are surpassed in the world. Their contiguity and charm are certainly notable. I will not number populations lest I decry the last census. Each of these little cities has a sufficient and attractive public library. The streets are well paved and lighted. Miles upon miles of tasteful and comfortable homes. Orchards are well kept in the regions about. Excelling all other buildings in comparative size and beauty are the Christian churches of various names, as a rule clustering in evident fellowship near centers. Bright store windows, polite and happy merchants, tidy street cars, splendid and suggestive school houses abound.

The open-eyed and interested visitor goes about these up to date and prosperous cities with a query in his heart as to the secret of such urban peace and optimistic content. The horses and dogs seem to share in the general cheer and prosperity. Parents are not anxious about their children on the streets. The crowds of tourists tumbling out of the cars in Los Angeles certainly have three choices for delightful residence cities before them. From all I heard Long Beach was a fine competing town for either of them I was sorry not to witness its great growth since I walked its beautiful shores a decade and a half ago, Yet there are men who say, and claim to believe, that grass grows overmuch in towns that do not license respectable saloons. It does. But it is on green acres of beautiful private lawns which no saloon town ever equals. I am not making an argument. I did not go to the Sunny South to forge an appeal for temperance These temperance towns forced their conspicuous arguments on me. I could not dispute them. Whiskydom nowhere shows such towns as these I faintly describe. If the real estate prices of these towns were honestly compared with the books of rum town agents the superior price and value of the temperance towns would appear. If train loads of thoughtful citizens of our Northern California should go on a tour of investigation among these charming southern communities like train loads of converted voters would come back to our equally beautiful but less progressive regions saying, "Let us vote ourselves dry and that quickly." It was a rare experience to sit in Bro. Maclaren's attractive church during the session of a really great Association and hear not a word about saloons. I do not think I heard the word temperance. I am sure I did not, save as I spoke it in honest wonderment. Their answers came to my questions: "Saloons do not trouble us any more. We do not need them. We are through with them." Oh! friends in the happy Southland, blaze a way here that we, too, may go free. Bear your testimony to ranchmen that they need not have drunken fruit pickers. Stir up our real estate men to believe that sobriety builds fine homes on high-priced lots. Our tax-payers need deliverance. The devil's lie that whisky booms a town dies hard. Help us give it a quietus. Fortunate towns—wise people—Redlands, Riverside and Pasadena.

A Saratoga Suggestion.

The bright and blessed women who, in their world-wide interest for heathen far away and unchurched men on wide prairies and in rude mining regions nearer home, sometimes think of the humans close about them gave us men an evening's outing and entertainment which we will never forget. Most of our notable missionary meetings are in the afternoon. It takes a single man's breath away to face such tremendous feminine force and talent unless there are enough of us to brace each other up. This happy evening we were specially invited. Two stalwarts were assigned the program. They had the evening—the whole of it—and for a debate so dear to the heart of a man. The subject was given out by the bright inventor of the man-catching missionary lariat. "Resolved, that Italians are more desirable immigrants than Slavs." We were there in such masculine force that we felt at home in the ample and hospitable sitting room, with such porch accom-

modation that we could promenade in the moonlight if the debate got acrid or the room got hot. Brethren it was fine. An elegant ranchman, who, if he had dyed his graceful locks and brought his violin might have passed for an Italian made wise and witty argument for the men from the land of architecture, music and poetry. Italy's array of culture and genius paraded before us. We forgot the organ-grinder and his monkey, the peanut roaster, and the tamale-peddler in the troup of great artist's names. A worthy missionary himself, square-toed and direct as a brawny Slav brushed away the eloquent web so deftly woven about us that we almost wanted to board the next immi grant train and winnow out the Italians as our choice townsmen. "Italians were great, but alas! they are a decadent nation! Let the Anglo Saxon themselves look out lest they too become decadent before the renaissance of the Slavs and Chinese." Slav stock soared. My! it was like an old Oberlin debate in the hot times "befoh de wah." Twice the combatants built up their pyramids of eloquence, only to have the rugged force of the learned opponents tumble them down in the great quaké. The Slav man carried the house by a slight majority. We all felt that any good man of any color and any clime who had sense enough to long for America and sand enough to get here, put under such influences as had gathered us together might grow to worthy citizenship under our glorious flag. There were no wall flowers. If there had been any coolness beyond the carefulness with which the men always sit by themselves as meeting begins, it would have melted away like the orange ice. Saratoga has no patent on a missionary debate. It made one unique program in our star course.

A Pacific Coast Rally for Our Pacific.

Our whole Pacific Coast brotherhood will be glad to know that a committee of business men about San Francisco Bay have been studying the financial interests of the first religious paper started on our coast Its clear type and clean, white pages have ever been suggestive of its clear and sound editorial voice on all the great moral questions confronting us. It has not been always lavish of news because our busy brethren do not send it. The writer knows by a long Minnesota experience how much the Advance paid for news which wise pastors might be supposed to send gratis and gladly. I have never read an unsound or unworthy editorial in our Pacific. I read every number, advertisements and all, as I would a letter from home. Now that sane and thoughtful laymen have led the way to lift the burden which is too much for Mr. Ferrier or any other one man, what remains for us but loyal and hearty support? Our constituency west of the Rocky Mountains is more than thirty thousand members. A half dime each from these will bring more than fifteen hundred dollars. Six hundred dollars were conditionally pledged at Reno. Those who were there will rejoice that the Saratoga church accepted the hundred dollars stock which one enthusiast thought they would subscribe for. They did it cheerfully, appointing a committee to raise the money, in the absence of the said enthusiast. Brethren on our wide field, trust your people to do the wise business course when it is presented to them. How true the wisdom of Oberlin's old patriarch President, "In the West things that do not go with enthusiasm do not go at all." It seems a visionary thing for me to sit here in a sunny south window and write about a nickel gift from every Congregationalist west of the Rocky Mountains. So it seemed a burst of enthusiasm for a few courageous souls to storm congress with postals in behalf of the Indians. But when they buzzed about their busy ears they understood that Californians wanted something, and lo! our long-afflicted red brethren have $110,000 voted to buy little garden homes for them which white men's lust cannot touch. When our intelligent masses put in their nickels and pastors take due pride in sending their apportionment (never assessment, thank God, in our churches, free and ever to remain free) then the members will subscribe for our Pacific and we shall find loyal love stronger than "a rope of sand" and as effective as any Bishop's mandate With the nickels will come subscriptions. With subscriptions will come new features. With intelligent laymen looking after stock will come some up-to-date business manager. Only twenty-three hundred dollars more needed to assure the permanency of The Pacific! We want, we need, a Coast paper ringing and sturdy as the Advance, with as fine a temper and as high good taste as the Congregationalist. All this ought to be, brethren, before Bro. Ferrier's fine editorial pen is laid aside by the swift passing years. Somebody must send red hot postals with red blood ink until the right thing is done and well done. It can be and I reverently think it ought to be. It is not a proposition for "the churches about the Bay." The executive force must be contiguous, but the banner and the voice must be Coast-wide. The name Pacific is wide and worthy. It will unite the Methodist Protestants and United Brethren and turn many hearts to us and us to many. It will record great temperance victories for this cause goes on to triumph. Many papers can be spared, but not the force to which our beloved Pacific ought to grow.

Please send the writer, Aloha, postal cards on this subject at Saratoga, Cal., but spare him long letters and long answers. Mr. E. P. Flint at Oakland, Cal., is the treasurer of the stock fund. If this modest but sufficient fund, widely distributed, comes joyfully and easily in these days when our stock dwindles and crumbles, a brighter day dawns for the cause we all love.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. Temple, for ten years pastor of Plymouth Church, Seattle, has been called by the church at Sacramento. Dr. Temple will be with the church on the first Sunday in December. The Pacific trusts that he will accept the call. We believe that Dr. Temple can lead the Sacramento church on to a future of extensive influence in our capital city and in California in general.

Our Oregon corespondent announces this week the calling of the Rev. J. R. Knodell to the Anti-Saloon League work in Oregon. Mr. Knodell went up there recently with Dr. Chapman, who superintends the work in Oregon now as well as in California, and of course Oregon wanted him. We understand that they are to have their want gratified, and that Mr. Knodell will go to Portland the last of December, so as to enter on the work the first of the year.

The Rev. T. R. Earle, for several years pastor of Park Church, San Francisco, passed on into the life beyond on the 15th of November, at the age of fifty-

nine years. His departure took place at San Diego, his former home, whither he had gone several weeks ago. A memorial service will be held in Park Church Sunday evening at 6 p. m., the Rev. Dr. Adams giving the principal address; other San Francisco pastors cooperating. Mr. Earle did a most excellent work in San Francisco and will be greatly missed not only in the church which he so faithfully and ably served, but far more widely.

The paper on "The Fellowship of Our Churches" announced to be given at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity by the Rev. Walter Frear last Monday will be given next Monday. The meeting was addressed last Monday by Miss Mabel Briggard, a consecrated Christian woman recently from the East who felt called a few years ago to give up the stage and take up the higher work in which she is now engaged. Miss Briggard during recent years has had access to many noted pulpits, among them being those of Dr. Campbell Morgan and F. B. Meyer of London. Last Sunday morning she spoke in the Fourth Congregational Church of Oakland greatly to the uplift of pastor and people.

We quote from a personal letter to the Editor of The Pacific from the Rev. W. T. Patchell of San Jose: "I am just closing a week with a group of some twenty-five Stanford men. I have for several weeks been meeting with them to investigate the foundations of a religious belief, to get at a philosophy of religion. My underlying thesis has been,—although I simply led up to this,—that Jesus Christ is the sanest, most adequate interpretation of the universe, and that he raises fewer insoluble intellectual problems than any other interpretation. I have had a tremendously interesting group of fine fellows, one graduate Japanese, a scholar and thinker. They have not been the religious ones but men whose faith has been threatened or who have gone over to Socialism, Materialism, Agnosticism, even Atheism. I did not give lectures; it has been a study, an investigation. Last week when we closed this part of the work, I was ready to stop, for I said that to know the truth they must now go to Jesus, that He was the best answer—and the only I know. But they have asked me now to lead them in a study of the teachings of Jesus. I began last Monday on this aspect of the work."

The final steps have been taken in the movement for the consolidation of the Third Church and Olivet Church, San Francisco. The consolidation has been effected under the name of "The Mission Congregational Church." Services will be held in the Olivet building until a suitable location for a new edifice shall have been selected and a part of the new building planned for erected. The Mission Congregational Church is to be congratulated. Before these united churches there opens up a large field for service and usefulness. There was some difference of opinion, we are told, as to the wisdom of taking the name that was chosen, some thinking that it might by new-comers be taken as a mission church—not knowing that the name relates to that historical part of the city in which the church is situate, dating from early Catholic mission days. Should the name be found damaging, however, it can be changed. Arrangements have been made with the Rev. B. F. Sargent, who has been pastor of Olivet Church for the last two years, to remain with the organization until the first of January. Mr. Sargent might have continued as pastor, but his health demands for a time at least the climate to be found a little removed from the coast.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Angels' Camp.—The Rev. J. W. Doane, recently of Hydesville, has accepted a call to the pastorate at Angels' Camp.

Los Angeles.—The Eastside Church has called the Rev. F. E. Dell of Salem, Oregon, and it is expected that he will enter on the work the first of January.

Sonoma.—The Rev. Geo. H. DeKay preached last Sunday. In view of the coming of a new pastor, the Rev. Dr. W. C. Day, Mr. DeKay took his text from Timothy, "See that he be among you without fear."

San Francisco, Plymouth.—A special collection of $800 was asked for last Sunday to supplement the amount received from week to week during the year for current expenses. A simple statement of the need brought $710 at once.

Fitchburg.—This church rejoices in that the call to the Rev. E. E. Flint of Creston, Iowa, has been accepted. Mr. Flint leaves a church of more than 400 members of which he has been pastor for seven years. Fitchburg secures him through the Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks, a long time friend. Mr. Flint is expected by the first of December.

San Jose.—The annual meeting of the church was held October 29th. Reports from all departments were most encouraging, and showed that the church had never been in a more flourishing condition than at present. The treasurer reported every bill paid and a balance on hand. The increase in membership during the year has been 72, 49 on profession. The business session was followed by a fellowship supper, to which two hundred persons sat down. These annual suppers are one of the social affairs of the church that tends to unite all in a closer bond of fellowship, and this proved one of the most enjoyable and helpful ever given. The topic for the evening was the new Sunday School building, which the growth of that department has made necessary. The pastor presided, and in all the responses the need of the new building was emphasized, and at the close of the program of speeches, and choice music by the quartette choir, it was voted to tear down that part of the church building now occupied by the Sunday School and to erect a larger and better equipped addition. The building, when completed, will accommodate the entire Sunday School from kindergarten to Bible classes; also a complete equipment of kitchen and dining-room accessories One-half of this needed money is already in sight.

WASHINGTON.

Moxie.—Another irrigation center where new families in sympathy with Congregationalism are moving in. Rev. J. M. Dickson is leading the people in a building campaign; they hope to have a building by spring

Sunnyside.—Evangelist Clapp begins a three weeks campaign with pastor H. F. Burgess. Mr. Clapp writes

from Sunnyside that there are 27 ministers "tired or retired" in the town or neighborhood. It seems as if the natural affinity of ministers were changing from chickens to fruit. These twenty-seven are literally making the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Seattle.—The work of the City Extension Society is progressing finely. The new church at Youngstown is plastered and Youngstown will soon have a beautiful building in which to worship. Rev. James A. Henry is the pastor. They are talking of a new building on Beacon Hill. Steps will soon be taken to get the building movement under way. Boys' clubs and ladies' societies have been organized in most of these churches The financial year of the society began with the 1st of October. The board of directors have decided to make it begin hereafter with January of each year The pledges will be taken in December. This makes it necesary for all contributors to pay their quarterly subscriptions as usual for the last quarter of the year

North Yakima.—Under the able leadership of Rev. H. A. Luckenbach the church here is rapidly growing A men's club was organized Nov. 21st with a charter membership of 18. Mr. C. C. Phelps is the corresponding secretary and asks for helps and suggestions from other clubs. There are many clubs in our state which would be greatly helped by a system of correspondence; this being perhaps out of the question, why not write about the good things and novel methods to The Pacific? This would add interest and strength to the movement, especially at the time when an organized efforts may be made to unite the men's clubs into closer fellowship. A furnace was recently installed removing one excuse for staying from church cold Sundays. A new individual communion set adds to the interest and pleasure of the bi-monthly service.

Seattle, Green Lake.—At the recent celebration of the tenth anniversary of this church practically every resident member contributed a small sum for the purchase of patens. These were used for the first time at the communion service Nov. 3rd. The boys' club voted to pay for a window in the new building at Allyn; the first proceeds of an entertainment given Nov. 13 were sent to Rev. J. M. Dick, who is looking after things till the Home Missionary Society takes charge. It is hoped that all the windows may be the gifts of boys' clubs of the state. The return from the East of the superintendent of the primary Sunday School was celebrated by a jollification to which mothers and children of the primary school and cradle roll were invited. Acquaintances were made, games played and ice cream and cake indulged in by the older ones and more suitable refreshments for the younger cradle rollers.

Seattle, Plymouth.—Thirty-six new members were added to the roll Nov. 3rd. The men's club met Nov. 12th, and listened to a lecture by Bishop Wm. F McDowell of Chicago. The outlook paper was given by Mr. H. D. Buhcanan. A class for young women from the High School and the University has been organized in the Sunday School. A free kindergarten supported by members of Plymouth Church is conducted in the church every morning. The enrollment is thirty, and the average attendance 23. When the work is better known it is expected that the membership will be larger. The pastor, Dr. Van Horn, continues to preach to crowded houses upon the spiritual messages of Shakespeare. The results of this course show that he was right in thinking that there were enough who would welcome such a serious discussion to give a large evening audience. Dr. Van Horn is reaching the deepest thinkers and most cultured classes of the city, and it speaks well for the city and our constituency that such sermons as he preaches draw audiences that fill the church to overflowing, many sometimes being turned away.

Ritzville.—The only missionary organization in the town is connected with this church. Last week thirty-five ladies met at the home of Mrs. Bassett. This body averages thirty-five to forty at its meetings and is doing a great work for the Kingdom. The men's club has a membership of forty and will hold its second meeting Nov. 21, when Prof. A. W. Hendrick of Whitman College will lecture on Longfellow. The boys are organized as a castle of the Knights of King Arthur and the girls as the Queens of Avillon. These societies are among the most hopeful features of the church. The Carnegie Library building will be dedicated Nov. 22. As chairman of the building committee Mr. Proctor deserves great credit for keeping the cost within the $10,000 gift. The town has raised $850 by subscription for furnishings and with cost of lots and other things have put in $3,700. There will be no debt. Ritzville, a town of 2,500, has put $8,000 into its library during the past four years. The spirit of Congregationalism, as represented in the pastor and some of the leading members of our church there, has had much to do with the result.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The Anti-Saloon League of Oregon, with headquarters in this city, has arranged with Rev. E. S. Chapman, D. D., to act as superintendent of the work in this state, as well as in California. Rev. J. R. Knodell, so well known among the Congregational churches and aggressive temperance workers in California, has been appointed assistant superintendent of the League in Oregon. This is certainly a most excellent choice.

Rev. A. J. Folsom, superintendent of the Home Missionary work in this state, has been for the past week holding special meetings with the Sherwood Congregational church, and at the last accounts there was an excellent attendance at all meetings, and a growing interest in spiritual things, giving a hopeful promise of good results.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Forest Grove Congregational Church gave a missionary social last Wednesday evening, in the church parlors, which was very largely attended. Miss Garretson, of Foo Chow Mission, who is spending her vacation in this vicinity, gave an interesting as well as graphic account of the missonary work there, relating many of her own experiences; and Rev. J. E. Walker, son of Rev. Elkanah and Mrs. Mary Rchardson Walker, missionaries of the American Board to Oregon in 1838, sang a number of Chinese hymns in native language, adding greatly to the interest of the occasion. The thank offering at the time amounted to $24.00.

The last spike on the trolley line connecting Salem with Portland was driven on November 19th. This line is fifty miles long, and as soon as the track is properly balasted the time between the two cities, it is said, will be one hour and twenty minutes. It is ex-

pected that regular trains will be running several times a day on or about January 1, 1908. In a short time the necessary arrangements will be made to extend this road fifty miles farther up the Willamette Valley.

The recent financial flurry has unsettled business matters here to some extent during the last twenty days, but it is believed by those who are in a position to have the soundest judgment in the premises that business matters are rapidly approaching normal conditions. The governor of the state declares that, in his judgment, it will not be necessary to continue the holidays more than one week longer.

Mrs. Nancy J. Jacobs, of this city, a pioneer of 1845, and a survivor of the Whitman Massacre, has just presented a handsome crayon portrait of Mrs. Myra Fairbanks Eells, wife of the late Rev. Cuching Eells, Fairbanks Eells, wife of the late Rev. Cushing Eells, was a most efficient co-worker with her husband in all that was done in laying the foundations of this noteworthy institution, and deserves an equal place in the affections of its supporters and patrons.

This is the first real stormy day of this autumn season. There have been light showers occasionally for a week, and sunshine and shadow have alternated in about equal proportions. Today, however, there has been light rain all day, accompanied by an occasional gust of wind; but nevertheless the storm has not driven many people from the streets.

Portland, Nov. 23, 1907.

JOTTINGS.

Prescott, Arizona.

Nestling in a little dale among the rather bare and barren looking hills of Northern Arizona, and slowly creeping up the slope upon one side, lies the city of Prescott, once the capital of the territory and still one of its most important towns. Years ago, when all of California did not afford field enough, in the view of Eastern Home Missionary leaders, for one superintendent, and Dr. Warren's commission covered Nevada and Arizona also, he told us at a meeting of the executive committee about his visit to Prescott and his planting there a Congregational Church. He must have communicated to me something of his own enthusiasm and I have wished ever since that something might occur in God's providence to call me there. At length the call came in the shape of an invitation from a Christian brother whom then I had never seen, but with whom I had had a little correspondence decidedly profitable at this end of the line, an invitation to come to see them. The latch-string was outside the door at any time when I would stand upon the threshold, and the church would be glad to hear me; the whole sealed with the assurance that my journey should be "made to pay." Such an invitation sealed with "The promise of potency" of something to feed the ever hungry man of our mission treasury, was not long unanswered, and I began to count the weeks and then the days before the desire of so many years would be fulfilled. I found it a well-built city with from 6,000 to 7,000 people dwelling there. I was met at the station by my friend, who knew me at a glance. I was taken by him up the street and introduced here and there to men evidently leaders in the honorable business of the town and working members of our church. I sat down in the well-built, well-furnished bank of which he is cashier and watched proceedings. Tellers were kept busy, and patrons looked well satisfied. At length we walked up the slope together and passed the Congregaional church—a gem in point of architecure—beautiful without and cozy within. A little further on and we were in the midst of homes—so many and so homelike that the whole city began to assume, in my thought of it, a money atmosphere. Doubtless the door that opened for me was more responsible for this than anything else. The streets are very wide,—a hundred feet or more,—quite necessary in that dry atmosphere with the water pumped up 1500 feet and brought 25 miles,—as a safeguard against fires. But most of them ought to have the space occupied partly by wide sidewalks and partly by a wall in the center stocked with shrubs and trees, so that not only would beauty add to its charms, but the roadway be reduced and the expense of keeping it smooth and hard made bearable.

The pastor had accepted his call to Petaluma, had said farewell, and I was in sole possession of the field for that one day. For just that day I took them to my heart as my own flock, and found myself, hungry as I am for the joys and cares of a pastorate, wishing for the impossible till, as I was talking with some of them about getting a pastor, the words leaped from my lips, "If I only were younger and the Master would say Yes, I'd take hold." And they were kind enough to reply, "We wish you could." I must be forgiven if I have just a little brotherly envy for the one,—if he be the right one—who is privileged to "take hold."

The Grand Canyon.

Should I be within a few hours' travel of such a scene as that and turn my back upon it? I once saw Yosemite—just a passing glance, one might say, for I could spend but thirty-six hours there, and two nights had to come out of even that limited time. But it marked an epoch in my life—especially my spiritual life. It seemed nothing less than sacrilege now not to "turn aside and see this great sight." I had seen pictures of it galore. But my experience at Yosemite taught me that there were some things that neither pen nor pencil nor brush can adequately portray. And I was prepared to find this the case with the stupendous canyon. So vast, so deep, so weird and awe-inspiring! Its great floor studded with great cathedrals or theaters done in solid stone! Its cliffs in some parts 2,000 feet perpendicular, gleamed under the rays of the setting sun with a rich variety of colors and its walls—here and there—at one point, I imagined, for fully a mile looked like a continuous building—with pillars square or round set in the walls and surmounted each with richly carved capitals. True they looked more like the remains of a departed glory than like finished structures, but they kept one's mind busy fancying what they might have been. One ought by all means to take the mule-back ride down the trail seven miles in length and steep enough to drop you, in that distance, nearly 5,000 feet, till you reach the river which is the canyon's base and some say—not I—the canyon's locator. Not for the sake of seeing the stream but in order to enable you to come back to the rim and see what you did not see before, the depth and heigh and vastness of it all. There is another advantage—having taken the ride once you will neither need nor wish ever to take it again.

Let me add a word about the El Torar Hotel—not that I was a dead-head there and wish to square accounts, for I paid my bills and asked no clerical discounts—but it is so aptly fitted to the scene,—an im-

mense log cabin in the wilds, yet so elegant and cozy and comfortable within, the rooms so cleanly and the beds so restful, the service so perfect at every point that one who stays there two days as I did wishes he could afford to stay ten times as long.

An Ideal Praise Service.

I found one at San Bernardino on the evening of November 3rd. There was nothing showy or apparently elaborate about it, but doubtless in its preparation there was labor a plenty. In the touch on the strings of the violins there was perfection of art, but not a single suggestion of it. The service was entertaining without any of the entertainment atmosphere. The instrumental music not less than the vocal was instinct with the spirit of worship, and spoke peace and comfort to our hearts. The address of the pastor, Rev. Edgar R. Price, a recent accession to our preaching force in Southern California, was on "Music as the Vehicle of Praise." It impressed me greatly as, with no help of notes, he gradually made his way, and made a way for us, from music as sensuous enjoyment, a mere play on the nerves of the ear, up to the very heaven of heavens and the song of the redeemed. Let some one who can do it persuade him to give it to the readers of The Pacific. It will both delight and profit them. W. C. P.

THE CALIFORNIA HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

An adjourned session of the California Home Missionary Society will be held in the First Congregational Church, Post and Mason streets, San Francisco, on Tuesday, Dec. 3, 1907, at 1:30 p. m., to fill vacancies in the membership of the corporation, to elect directors and to transact such other business as may properly come before the meeting. H. E. JEWETT,
Secretary.

W. B. M. P.

The Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will hold an all day meeting at Plymouth Church, Oakland Howe street, near Moss Ave., on Wednesday, Dec. 4 Sessions at 11 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Lunch will be served for fifteen cents.

THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION.

An adjourned session of the General Association of Northern California will be held in First Congregational Church, Post and Mason streets, San Francisco on Tuesday, Dec. 3, 1907, at 11 o'clock a. m. The special business is action on the report of the committee on adjutsment of our polity to present-day conditions.

Among the changes recommended are the incorporation of the General Association, the election of 18 trustees, and the election of a pastor at large. A full attendance is desired. H. E. JEWETT,
Registrar

Dr. David Starr Jordan recently made an address before the Church Federation at Grace church, San Francisco, and expressed the opinion that the American people did not take the question of government, self-government, seriously. The party, the spoils, and a stupefying potion of indifference are the enemies of a "Democracy as a form of Government." The lack of conscience and the lack of the thing that makes conscience we suspect might be added as a cause of our political disintegration.

Young People.

THE THIEF OF TIME.

"Tomorrow I'll do it," says Bennie;
"I will, by and by," says Seth;
"Not now—pretty soon," says Jennie;
"In a minute," says Beth.
O dear little people, remember
That true as the stars in the sky,
The little streets of Tomorrow,
Pretty Soon, and By and By,
Lead one and all
As straight, they say,
As the King's highway,
To the city of Not at All.

The Boy Who Knew.

Frank Disston's father had been in the city; now he was to come home. Frank was glad; he had missed his father.

"We are like chums," Frank had gleefully said more than once, to envious playmates.

Frank was happier still when Mrs. Disston told him he might go to the station to meet the train.

"You must promise to be careful," she said, as he started off to school. "Don't get the wrong train."

"Oh, I'll be careful!" Frank agreed, and he thought: "As if I wouldn't be careful! Why are mothers so anxious about a fellow?"

As the station was nearly a mile from the schoolhouse, Mrs. Disston had given Frank a note to his teacher, asking that he be excused at half-past three. Of course Miss Redman quickly agreed. She seemed much interested.

How slowly the hands of the clock moved that afternoon! But at last it was time to go. He did not need Miss Redman's smiling reminder.

"Good-bye, Frank," she said. "Be careful at the station. You know that trains on two roads come in almost at the same moment. I think Mr. Disston will come on the I. B. & W. road."

But Frank was out of the door before Miss Redman had finished.

"I wish they would give a fellow credit for knowing a little! Miss Redmond may know more than I do about arithmetic and things, but I guess I know more than she does about trains. Why, all the fellows know that the I. B. & W. train doesn't come from the city."

He ran to the station, he was so eager to see his father. He was seated in the waiting-room, resting, when Mr. Watson saw him.

"Down to meet your father, Frank? Good! Know which train to watch?"

"Of course I do," was the scornful answer.

Just then the I. B. & W. train steamed in. "Guess I won't go out there," Frank thought. "Mother said to be careful, so I'll stay right here."

Then the Union Central train was called. Frank was on the platform in a hurry. Confidently he watched the passengers. His father would be by his side in one instant more! More men and women passed him. What could be the matter? His father couldn't be as eager as he was. He could hardly believe his ears when, after every passenger had gone, the conductor cried, "All aboard!"

He hurried to the great man in the brass buttons

"Mr. Conductor!" he called, "Can't you wait just a minute? My father is coming on this train. Maybe he's asleep in his seat."

"Where is he coming from, sonny?" the conductor asked. "Chicago, you say? Why, this isn't the Chicago train. The I. B. & W. brings the Chicago passengers. He must have come five minutes ago, on the train that has just left the platform."

Poor Frank! The tears came o his eyes. His father had come, and had gone home alone! Now he must try to catch him.

But he had delayed too long. Mr. Disston was in the house when Frank arrived, out of breath. His mother was just asking where he was.

Frank heard the question. "Here I am, mother! I missed father. I thought he was coming on the Union Central, and I didn't look at the I. B. & W. train at all."

"But I told you"—his mother began.

"Yes, and so did Miss Redman, and Mr. Watson tried to, but I wouldn't listen. I thought I knew."

"That's just the trouble with you so many times, Frank," his father said, as he put his arm about the disappointed lad. "You think you know more than some of the rest of us. Maybe this will keep you from being quite so sure next time."

And Frank thought it would.—Sunday School Times.

Children Who Saved Hamburg.

Hamburg was besieged. Wolff, the merchant, returned slowly to his home one morning. Along with the other merchants of the city he has been helping to defend the walls against the enemy, and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armor day and night. And now he thought bitterly that all his fighting was useless, for on the morrow want of food would force them to open the gates.

As he passed through his garden, he noticed that his cherry trees were covered with ripe fruit, so large and juicy that the very sight was refreshing. At that moment a thought struck him. He knew how much the enemy was suffering from thirst. What would they not give for the fruit that hung unheeded on the trees of his orchard? Might not he, by means of his cherries, secure safety for his city?

Without a moment's delay he put his plan into practice, for he knew there was no time to be lost if the city was to be saved. He gathered three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open, and they set out on their strange errand

When the leader of the army saw the gates of the city open, and the band of little white-robed children marching out, many of them nearly hidden by the branches which they carried, he at once thought it was a trick by which the townspeople were trying to deceive him while preparing for an attack on his camp. As the children came nearer, he remembered his cruel vow, and was on the point of giving orders that they should all be put to death.

But, when he saw the little ones so close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food, he thought of his own children at home, and he could hardly keep back his tears. Then, as his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the cool, refreshing fruit which the children had brought them, a cheer went up from the camp, and the general knew that he was conquered, not by force of arms, but by the power of kindness and pity.

When the children returned, the general sent along with them wagons laden with food for the starving people of the city, and the next day signed a treaty of peace with those whom he had vowed to destroy.

For many years afterward, as the day came around on which this event took place, it was kept as a holiday and called "The Feast of the Cherries." Large numbers of children in white robes marched through the streets, each one bearing a branch with bunches of cherries on it. But the old writer who tells the story is careful to say that the children kept the cherries for themselves.

Every age of the world's history has its tales of war and bloodshed and cruelty, of wild struggles and of great victories; but nowhere among them all do we find the story of a more beautiful victory than that which saved Hamburg.—Royal Crown Recorder.

The Indian on the Cent.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," is an old saying though perhaps not always a true one. But it is certainly true that familiarity tends to a lack of observation.

Take, for instance, the ordinary copper cent. Scarcely a day passes that we do not handle one or more of them; and yet, if asked whose the image represented thereon, there are very few who would not answer that it is an Indian's; but if we look carefully we will see that the features under the feather head piece are not coarse and rugged like those of the Indian, but refined and delicate like those of a little girl.

A few weeks ago there died in Philadelphia an old lady who was the original of this engraving. She was never tired of telling how it happened that her face was thus immortalized. The little girl's father was superintendent of the Mint, and the maiden was very fond of going there to see the store of gold and silver. One day a party of Indians, in their native costume, visited the Mint. The superintendent, followed by his little daughter, showed them all about. The small girl was as much interested in seeing the Indians as the Indians were in seeing the Mint. Their strange feather headdress especially amused her, and when, in childish fashion, she spoke of it, an old chief removed his and put it on the child's head.

Now it chanced that just about that time the officials of the Mint were seeking for a new design for the copper cent, and when they saw the child in the Indian's feathers they knew they had found the very thing. So this is how it happened that what many people think is an Indian's head is seen on the penny.—New York Observer.

The Christmas number of The Century makes an immediate impression and appeal through its tint and color pages. It is in his respect a beautiful number. Among the important features of this Christmas number, a feature of both popular as well as scientific interest, is the publication, for the first time, of the new photographs of Mars, taken by the Lowell-Todd expedition to the Andes last summer. Half a dozen plates are shown, with an account by E. C. Slipher, of just how the photographs were made by him, with an explanation of their significance and value by Prof. Percival Lowell, and there are drawings by both representing their visual observations in Chile and Arizona, interesting in comparison. The reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill are rich in whimsical humor, as the writer recalls her early experiences in London society

A BUTTERFLY STORY.

One morning when the children wakened, a dark gray curtain was stretched over the glorious blue sky, and soon the child faces began to reflect the shadows which the clouds had made.

Joy's mamma thought she would brighten the time for them by a story.

"Once there was a lady," she said,, "who was out in the garden one day in the spring and found quite a number of chrysalids. The lady used to go often to look at the queer little things, and one morning when she went into her garden, she found many butterfli.es flying about on the lightest, airiest, most beautifully-colored wings. It was very pleasant not to be a crawling worm any longer, or to be shut up in a tight, dark cell. O, how glad they were! It made the lady glad to see them. She walked over to the fence, and there she found a poor, little, cold, wet butterfly, that turned its head and twisted its body in a very dissatisfied manner.

"She said to the poor, foolish little thing, 'Why do you stay in such a cold place? Don't you see all those other butterflies enjoying themselves in the sunshine among the beautiful flowers. Just light upon your wings and fly there, too.'

"But the little butterfly only twisted itself about with a very complaining air, as much as to say: 'I don't want to be a butterfly. I don't want to fly. I much prefer to squirm,' " with a comical twist of her head by way of illustration. Mamma waited to see whether they were able to apply the lesson.

Pretty soon one of the little girls began to fret for permission to play out of doors, when Joy cried:

"O, you would much prefer to squirm, would you?" whereupon they all began to laugh, and the saying of the little butterfly became a proverb of almost daily use.—American Motherhood.

"The other day," said a man passenger in a street car, "I saw a woman in a street car open a satchel and take out a purse, close the satchel and open the purse, take out a dime and close the purse, open the satchel and put in the purse. Then she gave the dime to the conductor and took a nickel in exchange. Then she opened the satchel and took out the purse, closed the satchel and opened the purse, put in the nickel and closed the purse, opened the satchel and put in the purse, closed the satchel and locked both ends."

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List).

Sixteenth year opens September 3d.

Address:
MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE

DEALERS IN

PAPER

San Francisco, Cal.

242 to 248 S. LoS Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

1400-1450 Foruth St., Cor. Michigan,

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Located at Berkeley

Seat of University.

Curriculum remodeled to present-day demands; includes valuable University advantages. Advanced Semitics. Teaching positive and constructive. Special facilities in English Language and Literature, History, Apologetics, Sociology and Practical Work. Classical, English and Special Courses offered. Open to qualified students of any Christian Church; to women as well as men. Location and climate unexcelled. Address President

REV. J. K. McLEAN, D.D.

POMONA COLLEGE,

CLAREMONT, CAL.

George A. Gates, D.D., LLD., President.

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art, and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Gives a complete college training.

Address for catalogue, etc.

Your Winter Trip

made comfortable
by the

SUNSET ROUTE

Traverses the sunny south between San Francisco and New Orleans.

Vestibuled Drawing Room sleeping cars. Dining service the best. Parlor observation car. Library. Cafe. Ladies' lounging room.

Personally conducted family excursion parties between California and New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and Washington every week.

Connections made at New Orleans-New Steamship Co's steamers for New York. Your choice of an all rail or sea voyage.

Southern Pacific

Ticket offices
884 Market St.,
San Francisco, Cal.
14th and Franklin Sts.,
Oakland, Cal.

SUGAR
2c a lb.
Potatoes 1c

We sell at these prices to compel introduction to our "quality groceries." One order only to one customer. Call for Combination Order No. 91P. Every item guaranteed or money back. Notice immense saving in each one. Good till Nov. 29th.

25 lbs. Pure Cane Sugar at 2c	.50
25 lbs. Fancy Burbank Potatoes at 1c	.25
2 lbs. S. C. S. 75c Tea, any flavor, or 3 lbs. our Celebrated 40c M. and J. Coffee	$1.00
2½-lb tin Pure Eastern Baking Powder, or 1-gal. jug Catsup, Mustard or Sauce, or 1 bottle Supreme Olive Oil for	1.00
4 cans Carnation Cream, or 5 lbs. Beans	.25
10 bars Laundry Soap	.35
1 2-qt. Crockery Pitcher or 7-inch open Vegetable Dish	.40
4 pkgs. Seeded Raisins or Currants	.50
4 tins New Pack Peas, Corn or Tomatoes	.50
1 lb. Assorted Nuts, fancy	.25
Total for all, unchanged	**$5.00**

SPECIALS ALL THIS WEEK.

String Beans, new pack, tin only	$0.08
Sugar Peas, new pack, tin only	.08
Corn Beef, No. 1 tins, only	.10
Roast Beef, No. 1 tins, only	.10
Vienna Sausages, No. ½ tins, only	.07
New Citron, fancy, lb	.25
Boiled Cider, per quart	.35
Fancy Burbank Potatoes, 100 lbs.	1.50
New Finest Walnuts, lb	.20
New Almonds, lb	.20
Seeded Raisins, new, 2 pkgs	.25
New Evap. Peaches, lb	.15
New Evap. Apricots, lb	.20

CROCKERY SPECIALS.

White Crockery Tea Cups and Saucers, doz., only	$0.90
White Crockery Coffee Cups and Saucers, doz., only	1.25
30-piece Fancy Pattern Dinner Sets, each, only	2.50
1-qt. White Crockery Pitcher, only	.20
2-qt. White Crockery Pitcher, only	.25
3-qt. White Crockery Pitcher, only	.35
White Crockery Bowls and Pitchers, eacn, only	.98

Fancy Shape Platters—
13-inch, each .35 | 16-inch, each .70
15-inch, each .45 | 18-inch, each .90

White Crockery Fancy Shape Open Vegetable Dishes—
7-inch, each .15 | 9-inch, each .30
8-inch, each .25 | 10-inch, each .40

8-inch Fancy Shape Covered Vegetable Dishes, only .65

White Crockery Platters—
10-inch, each .25 | 14-inch, each .50
12-inch, each .35 | 16-inch, each .60

SMITHS'
CASH STORE

NOW NO. 14 TO 24 STEUART ST. S. F. ONLY
WHOLESALE MAIL ORDER RATES TO FAMILIES
WRITE US FOR PRICED CATALOG SAVES